

29 June 1995

Dear Libby,

I apologize for the typewritten letter but I assume it is better to be able to read what I write than to puzzle over hen scratches. I was greatly surprised and enormously saddened to hear of Chris' death. It was so unexpected--I had seen him just a few weeks before at the Academy and he seemed absolutely normal, e.g. he looked to be in his late fifties and had his usual sardonic but kindly humor. I still cannot get used to not seeing him--hearing him and having the usual good time with him. I can hardly imagine how his absence must affect you who enjoyed him every day. Chris played such a large role in so many peoples lives--and surely in mine. Perhaps one of the best ways to characterize him, as I have on several occasions, is to state that there is no one I would rather have as a skipper out sailing than Chris. He was always on top of everything--imperturbable and totally competent. He was such a nice and unassuming guy that it was several years before I realized how incredibly bright he was. Well, he was a man of a character we see so few of--and the world is the worse for it.

Libby, I'm sorry. I only wish there were something I could do. If you ever thing of anything I might do in any way, I would be grateful if you would call on me.

Soldier on---Chris would have wanted it that way.

Ed Row